

A pritty well drest Dish of Petites,
 cook'd at Westminster, with great charge
 at the cost of three Kingdomes : Also here
 are other Delicates, which may be well
 tasted and digested in the Pallets and
 Pincers of Royalists and Loyalists.

Ditty Parliament, has it voted ?
 Pritty Preachers have you ^{lun}ated,
 We hope ^{hardes} long no time now,
 Your Domships shall receive your doom's,
 And the Devil his own.

Pritty Ashburnham and Barkley,
 If fame (of you) tell not a stark tye,
 You make one Traytor
 Betwixt you at least, and have out done ;
 The Devil and the Divells sonne
 The Agitator.

Pritty Synod, do's it fit,
 Fayde of grace as well of mit ?
 And make no Cannons ;
 But such as Ordinance are call'd,
 Which hath the very soules embralld
 of every Man on's.
 New from black Tom, and blacker Noll,
 That kill and slay without controul,
 Thereby to end us



From

w/p



Tho^o. Jolley Esq^r. F.S.A.

Fvor follett
1833

1076.2.33

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 at the cost of three Kingdome: Also here
 are other Delicates, which may be well
 tasted and digested in the Pallats and
 Pincches of Royalists and Loyalists.

Pretty Parliament, has it voted?
 Pretty Preachers have you ^{all} lusted,
 We bosome ^{Charles} long too sime ^{Wno},
 Your Donships shall receive your dooms,
 And the Devillic his owne.

Pretty Ashburnham and Barkley,
 If fame (of you) tell not a starkē lyte,
 You make one Traytor
 Betwixt you at leaſt, and have ouer done;
 The Devillic and the Divells sonne
 The Agitator.

Pretty Synod, do's it ſe,
 Vayde of grace as well of me?
 And make no Cannons;
 But ſuch as Ordinance are call'd,
 Which hath the verp ſoules embrall'd
 of every Manon's.
 Now from black Tom, and blacher Noll,
 That kill and fley without contrall,
 Thereby to end us

145.1.16-483



From

*From the Synods nonsense, and their Treason,
And from their Catechistick reason,
Good Heaven defend us.*

Thanks to the Right Honourable, the
Earle of Northumberland , for his late
Vote in behalfe of his
MAJESTY.

LL Haile (brave *Perry*) once Great Admirall !
We thought thee fix'd star till thou didst fall.
And a faire wild creature didst thou seem,
Or dire revenge did through thee from thy Sphere,
And (of an Angell) make a Lucifer,
Till thou to bleating *Warwick* didst resign
Thy Trident, thou wert th' Oceans God, and mine,
For till that time my closest thoughts with thee
Committed serious Idollry; no word but ill in my mind,
And my esteeme of thee, was then as high
As were thy merits, or thy dignity;
But thou wast Mortall *Perry*, and we finde wh^ere bough^s & fruit
Tall Cedars oft borne downe by popular wind,
Thus (hurried with the crowd) thou didst withdraw,
(As the most did) thy Reale, and Awe
From thy deare Master, who to thine and thee
Shewd alwaies more of *Love* than *Majestie* :
Which doth improve thy guilt, which makes it far
More legible, in too great a *Character*.

But if thy conscience hath given thee the cheeck,
 And *Israel* hath conquer'd *Amalec* ;
 If God will not, thou shou'dst be carried on,
 I' the common hury of damnation ;
 Welcome *Blest Convert* to thy King, and God !
 Thy pardon's sign'd, if thou'l but kille the Rod,
 Take these impressions then (my Lord) let none
 Betray the Honour twice of *Algernone* ;
 Care not what poyson whispering *Say* suggestts ;
 Who (for his ends) both Law and Scripture wrests ;
 Who playes a most religious Devils part ;
 A Saint in speech, a Sathan in his heart ;
 An Hipocrite in graine, makes ill feeme well,
 To whom old *Nick*, surnamed *Machiavell*,
Achitophell, or curst *Iscariot*,
 These (paralleld with him) were each a sot,
 Be deafe to that Dame c'd *Siren*, vere permit
 Him to your secrets, or soules Cabinet ;
 Be not affraid of that confu'led Yell,
 Which belches out *Rebellion*, as Hell
 Doth Surphurs : Nor dread th' usurped power
 Can votè 3 Kingdomes ruine in one hour ;
 Care not for what they doe, or what they say
 What *Pembroke*, or your Brother *Sarum Bray*,
 That fine wife *Aker*, who do's value more
 His Akers then his honour, do's adore
Mammon for's God, or's King, though'tis well knowyne
 What the *Cecilians* owe to Englands Crowne.
 Be true to thy owne *Charles*, and by this feate
 Make good thy true dissent from *Charles the Great* ;
 Put on thy Loyall Robes, and we will Saint thee,
 A Loyall *Percy* is not each dayes dainty.

The State of England, or Lilburnes Parliament.

WHEREIN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS ARE THE SUPREAME POWER.

T' Hey the supreamest power (O how good John!)
 Whence sprung this pritty new Dominion ?
 From revelation or from extasie,
 This upstart mushrom foyst Supremacie.
 Call in the Heraldis (*John*) for ere we part,
 I will rip up the bowels of their Art ;
 But I will know how, and when ~~shane~~ Dawes,
 Grew Masters of our King, our Lives, our Lawes.
 Are they not English, Yes : Not Subjects, No ?
 Nay then I leave 'em *Gentiles*, yet not so.
 Can a hoars Cobler, or a Weavers Votes
 Create you Kings ? do Crownes grow in their throates ?
 (I wish they would inty purse) can they carryt
 Upon the strength of Roast Biefe, and burnt Claret,
 If these two be th' ingredients of a King,
 He eate him all my selfe, or *Marriot* bring.

A

A salutation to the Londoners.

T He City Lanthorne, quickly ; I'd faine see,
 Where is the Kings or Subjects Libertie ;
 The one in care, in *Caresborough* captiv'd,
 The other conguetide, manacled, and gyv'de
 In fundry Prifons. O most rare and basel !
 This is the Parliaments especiall Grace.
 Free men of *Londou*, 'tis a lye , ye're slaves
 To *Westminster*, and (worse) to your owne knaves,
 Which in the mother *Saxon* signifies
 A Servant ; so you all are *Gregories* :
 And like to be so still, unleſſe the feare
 Of plunder (more then God) your soules do reare
 Into a posture of defence ; and rowſe
 Your craft-falne spirits ; and cast off the drowze
 And lethargie has ſeis'd you ; O is night
 So heavy on you, and this weight ſo light ?
 Do ye hugge your fetters, and court ſlaverie ?
 Then take them for your paines : tis fit that yee
 Should Still be pleaſd, the Cookes 'oth *Parliament*
 Know well your Dyet ; both what you refent
 And what you like , but ſee they ſerve not im
 (For the laſt diſh) Damnation for your fin.
 Has God (to pay your base and groundieſſe feares)
 Made Idols of you, not Idollaters ?
 You stand like ſtatues all ; you gape and mope,
 As if you beg'd maſſacre, or the rope :
 Which you (poore soules) had reaſon long to feare,
 (Know you one *Tompkins* ? and one *Challoner* ?)
 But is it not prodigious that one man
 Should ſtrike and drag this great *Leviathan* ?

Speed him to Green-land quickly , or hee'l spoyle
 The Towns whole store, both of the Ribs, and Oyles:
 Thou bought'st thy slavery with thy coine and plate,
 And shalt beg flaxen bread from gate to gate,
 Except thou stand up bravely and prevent it,
 You and your Heires forever will repent it;
 You shall be common Rogues, and know no King
 That might protect you from a ruining ;
 You have been Parliamentall Hackney Naggs,
 Treason hath been supported by your baggs,
 Knaves, Fooles, and Madmen, that so swift did run
 To mischiefe, and desir'd to be undone ;
 Yet for all this take courage, now's the time,
 Alleagiance expiates all former crime,
 Be wise and Loyall now, or else thy doome
 Is fixd in Heaven, this thy day is come.

*Shelton Iunior, or the second part of
 Collin Cloute, a warning peice to the City
 of London.*

O Cives, Cives, looke well to your Wives,
 And to your God Mammon,
 Or he that rules *Hammond*
 And all England to boot,
 Will shortly put you to't,
 And for all your great braggs
 He will cfumble your baggs,
 And for all your great hopes
 Will plunder your shops,
 And make a new faire
 Of pure London ware,

And

And of the Religion
Will make a meere Widgion ;
Then poore Jack Presbyter
Must fall with the Miter :
And in the conclusion
Cry welcome confusion.

A Prophesie.

Vhen Monsieur Noll, that Passe Partouz
Shall mount his Passe Vent,
Attended with his Rebell Rout,
Then London shall be shent.

A Prayer for all Lay-Elders.

LE T them be grave, and solid, as are blocks,
And let them take Non-sence for Orthodox;
Let jealousies possesse them day and night,
Let them be heavy, and their Wives be light;
O let there alway Sects and brabbling be
To vex and trouble the Presbytery :
Let all their sons (at one and twenty yeeres)
Prove arrant fooles, and have extended eares,
As large as Ceres ever gave to Cornes,
And be more noted then their Fathers hornes ;
O let no sparke of modesty be seene
In any of their Daughters at foreteene ;
But let the threshold of their Fathers doores
Be evermore bestriden with a Whoore,

And

And least (there should want Vice) to correct all,
 Let all their Families to lewdnesse fall
 And let them all appeare before the King
 Receive their sentence, face about and swing.

A Prayer for our Friends at Westminster;

Y O U Mountebanks of State, long may you live
 To take such Phyfick as your selves did give ;
 May you have war, and may the sword destroy
 Your Families, and may you ne're enjoy
 The benefits of Peace ; ma' ye feele the Rod
 And tilly' have peace with the King, have none with God.



F I N I S.

